

Morning Prayer – Wednesday, October 8, 2020

Opening Words

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. *Psalm 46:1*

Be still and aware of the presence of the Divine within and all around

Invitatory

O come, let us sing to the Lord,
let us rejoice in the rock of our salvation.

We sing to you, O God, and bless your name;
and tell of your salvation from day to day.

We proclaim your glory to the nations,
your praise to the ends of the earth.

Glory to the Holy and undivided Trinity, one God:
as it was in the beginning, is now,
and shall be for ever. Amen.

Scripture – Isaiah 12

At that time you will say,
“I thank you, LORD!
You were angry with me,
but you stopped being angry
and gave me comfort.
I trust you to save me,
LORD God,
and I won’t be afraid.
My power and my strength
come from you,
and you have saved me.”
With great joy, you people
will get water
from the well of victory.
At that time you will say,
“Our LORD, we are thankful,
and we worship only you.
We will tell the nations
how glorious you are
and what you have done.
Because of your wonderful deeds
we will sing your praises
everywhere on earth.”

Sing, people of Zion!
Celebrate the greatness
of the holy LORD of Israel.
God is here to help you.

Prayers

Make your ways known upon earth, O God,
your saving power among all peoples.

Renew your Church in holiness,
and help us to serve you with joy.

Guide the leaders of this and every nation,
that justice may prevail throughout the world.

Let not the needy, O God, be forgotten,
nor the hope of the poor be taken away.

Make us instruments of your peace,
and let your glory be over all the earth.

Personal Thanksgivings and Intercessions

Poem – “Laying the Fire” by Andrew Motion

I am downstairs early
looking for something to do

when I find my father on his knees
at the fireplace in the sitting-room
sweeping ash
from around and beneath the grate
with the soft brown hand-brush
he keeps especially for this.

Has he been here all night
waiting to catch me out?
So far as I can tell
I have done nothing wrong.

I think so again
when he calls my name
without turning round;

he must have seen me
with the eyes in the back of his head.

'What's the matter old boy?
Couldn't sleep?'

His voice is kinder than I expect,
as though he knows
we have in common a sadness
I do not feel yet.

I skate towards him in my grey socks
over the polished boards of the sitting-room,

negotiating the rugs
with their patterns of almost-dragons.

He still does not turn round.

He is concentrating now
on arranging a stack of kindling
on crumpled newspaper in the fire basket,

pressing small lumps of coal
carefully between the sticks
as though he is decorating a cake.

Then he spurts a match,
and chucks it on any old how,

before spreading a fresh sheet of newspaper
over the whole mouth of the fireplace
to make the flames take hold.

Why this fresh sheet
does not also catch alight
I cannot think.

The flames are very close.

I can see them
and hear them raging
through yesterday's cartoon of President Kennedy

and President Khrushchev
racing towards each other in their motorcars
both shouting

I'm sure he's going to stop first!

But there's no need to worry.
Everything
is just as my father wants it to be,
and in due time,
when the fire is burning nicely,
he whisks the newspaper clear,

folds it under his arm,

and picks up the dustpan
with the debris of the night before.

Has he just spoken to me again?
I do not think so. I
do not know.
I was thinking how neat he is.
I was asking myself:
will I be like this? How will I manage?

After that he chooses a log
from the wicker wood-basket
to balance on the coals,
and admires his handiwork.

When the time comes to follow him,
glide, glide over the polished floor,
he leads the way to the dustbins.

A breath of ash
pours continuously over his shoulder
from the pan he carries before him
like a man bearing a gift
in a picture of a man bearing a gift.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours
now and for ever. Amen.

Closing Prayer

Holy and everliving God,
by your power we are created
and by your love we are redeemed;
guide and strengthen us by your Spirit,
that we may give ourselves to your service
and live this day in love to one another and to you;
through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Amen.

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Poem – Andrew Motion, "Laying the Fire" from *Coming In To Land: Selected Poems 1975—2015* (HarperCollins Publishers Inc., 2017).